The North-East Mississipi Teacher's

Association.

Mct in Okolona July 2nd. Opened with prayer by Rev. J. M. Stone, of Verona. The Association proceeded to business by electing Prof. J. W. John-

son, of Booneville, chairman, and Prof. R. H. B. Gladney, of Okolona, Secre-

tary. The following committees were

Miss Agnes Moore, of Okolona, whose

a committee of one to provide music for

Abernathy, of Troy.

Abernathy, of Troy.

Okolona.

FOR THE CLASSON.

How beautiful the thought, oh! heart of mi Beside each life an angel stands. To guide and guard, to comfort and refine, Leading onward with unseen hands. And love divine!

How beautiful the thought-oh! heart of mine Often when lonely. I have longed to see,

Or hear the rustle of a snowy wing, Behold the tender eyes—on me, And class the dear one unresisting, So gratefully Often when lonely I have lenged to see. 'Mong the angel throng, on weary wing, I shall see there one, disquised no more, To whom my spirit will londly sling As it did before—

When safely moored, on that shining share -Mrs. Bettle Chas Goodyear. FOR THE CLARION! THE OLD PINE FLOOR. tained by time's pigment that, day by day, And year by year, on the surface lay.

And year by year, on the surface may, and worn by footsteps that come and go With rythratic measure of ebb and flow; Of life from the cradle to seanbood hoar, A story I read in the old pine floor. Through the sheen of pleasons and mixts of test see the surface, so smooth and bright.

Fressed by footsteps, that, soft and light.
And buoyant with laughter and gladness, bore.
Youth's bounding heart o'er the old pine floor.

With fairy dreams and high hopes of youth— With heart of honor and brow of truth, The boy, in search of the bauble fame, On whose brightest link he'd caree his name Goes forth to the world with its strife and roar From his peaceful home with its old pine flour

d her childhood's home with its old pine floor

The grandsire's footsteps are feeble and slow, But calmly he's waiting the ebbing tide.
That will bear him soon o'er the ocean wide.
Where be'll meet the lost who have gone before.
And a shadow falls on the old pine floor.

The tide goes out-and the broken bowl A lone remains; but the parting soul
A lone remains; but the parting soul
A light hath left on the silent clay
From the "gates ajar" as it soured away.
As the accuracy pass through the op.m. d
With mutiled tread on the old pine floor.

As hirds that have wandered from zone to zo And, whose drooping pluions have weary grow ith songs of pleasure would gladly rest Their tired wings by the parent nest, o the scattered loved ones return once more, And light feet skip o'er the old pine floor

Sweet the home-coming, but here and there,
Their dim eyes rest on a vacant chair;
And they think of the forms that have gone for ay
Of youth, of age, and of chilhood gay—
Lovel forms that will great them, Ah' never mor
With a welcome smile on the old pine floor.

When life, with its brightness and gloom, is pas Like a day of sunshine, and clouds o'errast.

Like a day of sunshine, and clouds o'errast.

May each fair barque weather the swelling tide,

And anchor safe on the other side;

And hands fondly clasp on the "shining shore,"

That were partied here on the old pine floor."

—Any Addison, West Point, Miss.

## The Jordan and the Yazoo.

Јевисно, Мау 14, 1885. on the gravel brink of the Dead Sea! then a bathe and a swim in Jordan, pass over the site of Gilgal. I am resting in a good woman's house here on the ground of the great city that was compassed and fell and I am moved to tell you so! Somewhat of a change since September last, with you at Munford ville and Jackson—from the newest to the oldest of world's scenes! And of this great plain, sees Nebo on the one side and the Mountain of the grandeur, as one standing in the midst of this great plain, sees Nebo on the one side and the Mountain of the Temptation on the other, overlooking what was and is!

Elliot.

Prof. R. W. Jones, of Columbus, then delivered a very brilliant and enthusias delivered a very brilliant and enthusias tit address on the subject of Industrial. Education, successfully combatting the mistaken idea so long prevalent in the South that woman's limited sphere left between the shrewd money-maker, can have but one shrewd money-maker to the sems very plain to us that the philicant points, the futility of the shrewd money-maker to the saddle! Two hours before day asleep

Little more than a week transferred me from the camp of modern armies at Suakin and Handoub to the Hely Shrines four thousand feet above this plain, on evincing deep thought and a scientific to Bethany, resting again at the Holy knowledge of the theme. Ramleh on to the plain of Sharon and having for its subject, Discipline In handing the bottle to the younger.

Your friend, JAS. SMITH. The foregoing was written on a postal card .- CLARION.

FOR THE CLARION.]

The second of the control of the con

## THE CLARION.

bend his head to hear what she said.

She felt the clasp of his hand tighten, but his voice was steady as he answer-

She did not answer; but a moment

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1885. VOL. XLVIII.

the occasion.

On report to THE CLARION—Miss
Ellen Arnett, of Okolona, Prof. C. V.
newspapers, that Col. E. Richardson has can be accomplished by the candidates Abernathy, of McCondy, and Mrs. H. B. proposed to establish a cotton mill in themselves. On Criticism-Prof. J. C. Miller, of red that the bar-rooms will be effectually organized, friends of reform, you must Houston and Mrs. J. L. Matthews of and permanently closed.

A Saloon or a Factory?

On Query Box—Prof. A. A. Kincannon, of Verona, whose profundity, wit,
and repartee furnished ever-varying
themes for interesting, edifying and amusing the audience thoughout the whether founded on fact or not, is ticket." They therefore precipitate the and-only a month ago!" vastly suggestive. It intimates that issue and must abide the consequences. On Resolutions-Supt. J. B. Gladney, whisky saloons and cotton factories, by An avowed whisky candidate we do not the window, and she wrung her hands of Chickasaw county, and Prof. H. B. public estimation, do not indicate a believe can be elected in a single county Then followed a superlatively grand, steady work, and regular work is de-thrilling and beautiful address, an in-manded—work which cannot survive history of other years. This is a time her, He was so tall that when he held spiration to teachers and breathing the the interruption of a spree, nor be for clear convictions and pronounced her thus in his firm hold she was power-

at Wesson provides that no intoxicating liquors shall be sold within the corporate to the people of Okolona and a kind invitation to all to attend the meetings of the Association, was greeted by a round of applause.

Music—An instrumental duet by Miss Music—An instrumental duet by Miss Moore and Mrs. Denton.

Then an essay, by Mrs. J. M. Stone, of Verona. Truly she did justice to her theme, "What Shall Our Girls Do."

at Wesson provides that no intoxicating liquors shall be sold within the corporate and mistake. I shall go back to her, I shall dressed by learnest, well posted speakers, will awaken the thought and quicken convictions that will leave at home convictions that will leave at home of establishing a factory here. His unrivaled business qualifications are well known and the success of his possible the State Executive Committee will awaken the thought and quicken convictions that will leave at home of the will awaken the thought and quicken convictions that will leave at home overtifiend of free whisky. As far as and I will remind you, our tender words, your tender words, Then an essay, by Mrs. J. M. Stone, of Verona. Truly she did justice to her theme, "What Shall Our Girls Do?"

—evincing a thorough knowledge of the tannical Prohibition sentiment but talents and capabilities of her own sex. simply from that point of view which Prof. J. W. Johnson, vacating the chair takes in the dollars and cents. Shrewd in a few gracefully worded phrases, capitalists, long-headed business men, poverty; wherever it comes it is bitter must forget me." But his voice faitered as he spoke.

ancient to modern authors, proved him thoroughly acquainted with the intricacies of his theme.

Then followed a free discussion of the relative merits of text books of History, closing with a majority in favor of Swinton.

Music—Instrumental Solo by Miss Elliot.

Prof. R. W. Jones, of Columbus, then delivered a very brilliant and enthusiastic address on the subject of Industrial

Paps's Footsteps.

younger of the older brother. "Pshaw, Jim! Its wine! Can't you City, then onwards through John the Baptist's birth-village, down through Iuka, was introduced, who read an essay think?" exclaimed the older brother, and killed by the hundreds yearly?

Reopened with prayer by Rev. Mr. yourself; your son begins early; will be Voice. Barnes. In the absence of Prof. J. W. drink moderately too? Would you have

Music-Solo, by Prof. Winston.

After which Prof. W. E. Johnson, of

Adjourned till three o'clock.

trust him with the high and sacred ESME Count Von Lindenheim.

Jackson, provided that he can be assur- To achieve the end for which we are carry the spirit of the State Convention We do not know that the statement is into the primaries. Whatever your very harmonious neighborhood Where in the State. But some may dedge the

spiration to teachers and breathing the very sunshine of Welcome whilst demonstrating the wisdem of the parties who chose the speaker, delivered in his own happy style, by Col. A. Y. Harper, of Okolona. The eloquent and graceful response of Prof. R. C. Redus, of Jack-row Missing including a word of thanks ligners shall be sold within the corner teacher and pronounced opinions. Let the Executive Committees of each county at once put such agencies at work as will achieve the purposes of our movement. The demand for thorough organization and stirring agitation, is imminent and imperative. A mistake. I shall go back to her, I shall

Self-Made Peverty.

Prof. J. W. Johnson, vacating the chair in a few gracefully worded phrases, carnestly endorsed her theories.

Musics—A vocal duet by Misses White and Gill.

After which was an interesting discussion on the subject of Co-education, between Prof. Kimbrough and others. There may be a humane stand-point which was an interesting discussion on the subject of Co-education, between Prof. Kimbrough and others. The meeting adjourned till three developed the corrupting address by Supt. Gladney, of Chickasson, on the subject of "Importance of Organization." His remarks were pithy, pointed and convincing.

An essay, subject, "The Teacher," was read by Prof. C. V. Abernathy.

Just here the call for music was responded to by Prof. Redus, who respectfully declined a public rendition of "The Solo" to which Prof. Kincanon's characteristic and irrepressible wit suggested that he was pledged.

By request, the normal method of a teaching Latin was then explained and endorsed by several.

Questions from query box disposed to the consider which was a nitreresting and consider that it makes the investment of their money safer and more remained by the transport of their money safer and more remained their measure of their money safer and more remained their structive.

There may be a humane stand-point to their money safer and more remained by subject of Co-education, but all the same and more remained their money safer and more remained their measurements of their money safer and more remained to their money safer and more remained their measurements. The remained the circumstances, a cause of unavoidable circumstances, a war of forethought, tidenes, and worst of all, drunkenness: That is the master evil. If drink could be got rid of, we may the profession of the subject of "Importance of Organization." His remarks were pithly, pointed and convincing.

An essay, subject, "The Teacher," was read by Prof. Edula, who read by Prof. Edula, who read by Prof. Edula, who read by prof. Edulation of "The Solo" to which Prof. Kincanon's characte teaching Latin was then explained and endorsed by several.

Questions from query box disposed of. Subsequently, the report of the Committee on Criticism. After which the meeting adjourned till the following morning.

July 3d. Meeting opened with a hymn add the reading of the minutes, followed by an instructive and interesting address on History, by Prof. A. A. Kincanon, of Verona. The facility and ease with which he made the transition from ancient to modern authors, proved him thoroughly acquainted with the intrica-

Or the 137 counties in Georgia 96 are and will not encourage its flower-gath ering propensities." Adjourned till three o'clock.
Suakin and Handoub to the Holy Shrines of David and Jesus, and, strange association, at Jerusalem as on the Red Sea, I canvass for stoves! To-night I resume the saddle, the sun in day-time being rather hot, and retrace the rocky pathway over the mountains of Judea, some four thousand feet above this plain, on four thousand feet above this plain the feet above this plain for fine feetings from Georgia. When the feeting from Georgia which are four thousand feet above this plain for fine feeting propensities.

Adjourned till three o'clock.

Afternoon session, July 3d, opened with an oral address on The Ethics of Teachings in the fethics of Sydney, who was walking across the same direction. The honest masses of that State seem to be reaching the same direction. The honest masses of that State seem to be reach State of this monster curse? "Shall we ch?" ever live at this poor dying rate," while our children and friends are poisoned later began arranging some faint-scent-

Ramleh on to the plain of Sharon and Joppa, and sail for Beyrout, Cyprus, Smyrna and Constantinople. My son-in-law, the minister, is with me. I heard him preach to the British soldiers in the city of the Pharoahs. I hope you and all our friends in Jackson are well, and having all encouragement and hope. The Jordan this morning reminds me of the Yazoo. We visited the place of the Nativity of Bethlehem and other shrines. Nativity of Bethlehem and other shrines. Your friend.

Jas. Smyrn.

Awing for its subject, Discipline In School—demonstrating clearly that it is is the duty of every teacher, wherever it is the duty of every teacher, where will have the bottle to the younger.

The Legislature of Nebraska, at its leaseson passed a law prohibiting the water in the bottle.

They were not thirsty, oh no, but water out of a brandy better; more than that, it looked mally in their childish eyes. They were following in papa's footsteps, just as fast

working or reading, a folded slip of pa-per, on which was written in pencil his Barnes. In the absence of Prof. J. W. Jonson, Prof. Kimbrough, of Okolona, selected as chairman.

A splendid Address on "Normal Methods of Instruction" was then delivered by Prof. H. A. Dean, of Iuka, Miss., who, in an easy, graceful style, one of Mass. Who, in an easy, graceful style, one of Mass. Who is ideas.

Address of Okolona, your son a drunkard? Would you have your daughter a drunkard's wife? Oh, fathers! just as long as we have a saloon at every corner, just so long will our boys be drunkards and our daughters be drunkards and our daughters be drunkard's wives!

No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser! But does not this stupid porter pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come and go, but this absurd pot of heavy wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, and flowers pleased him."

And he still looked him.

her, and this seemed magnified tenfold by the increased delicacy of his appearance. He himself was not so depressed and unhappy as he had been when she had seen him last. The consciousness that he was no longer obliged to wait, but was starting to-morrow, had perhaps acted as a stimulant to his nerves; and in his smiles and conversation she felt the personal charm that had been so strong at first. For him it was the day before the battle, and there was something of the thrill of coming excitence. Something, perhaps, in being once more in the presence of the woman whose love he need not doubt of having won. It would be a hard and bitter fight, but she was worth it—or so it seemed to him as he watched her in the big arm-chair, which was associated in his memory with old Mr. Loraine. She wore the same white dress that she had done the night of his arrival; its "It was a mistake," she repeated drearily. "Ah, why do men make such mistakes? Tell me"—speaking low and breathlessly—"did you love her? What am I saying? Of course you did! You have told her so hundreds of times-She was standing in the embrasure of together with a certain despairing gest-ure, born of her pain and her despair. Hearing her, Count Lindenheim stood

sitting more upright, "but I am much better, and shall be better still when I

"Yes," she said, softly, "I hope so." He laid his hand on the feather fan on her knee.
"Your hopes and wishes will do me good," he said, "never fear." And then, suddenly—"I wish you would get an-other fan," he went on. "I cannot bear to see you carrying this one about with

am back in Germany."

"What do you wish?" he questioned.
"Oh, I wish I had seen her—that I knew her—even what she is like." He did not answer in words, but rose and left the room, and a few minutes later came up to where she was still standing by the fire, and placed in her hands a small case. She took it over to a distant lamp, and there opened it. And when she had done so, a fair girl's face looked frankdone so, a fair girl's face looked frankly out toward her, blue-eyed and redipped, with rippling corn-colored hair. For some seconds she remained gazing

wish him to come. I thought he interested you, and he has promised to take some sketches for me. But if I had thought—"

"It must always be a bitter thing to make a new home," he said, and felt that it was a purely conventional phrase. Thought he has promised to take some sketches for me. But if I had thought—"

"He was never quite conscious from that it was a purely conventional phrase. Which carried not the slightest weight."

"He was never quite conscious from the first moment that I saw him. I sat up with him that last night,—but he did every line of the girlish face which was beautiful, but true and honest. Then she closed the case, and came back | ing.

to a whisper, "does she love you?" "Of course she does," her words coming quickly, unsteadily. Then sinking on her knees by him: "It is at her expense that I am wishing to be made happy. But you will go back, and it will come right—between you and her, I mean. You see it is not your happiness I care for—it is just my own." I do not want you to be happy with her, I want you to come back to me."

"He is quite aware of his advantages," Sydney replied, with a shade of bitterness in the tones that used not to be there. "Sometimes, father, I think people know the value of everything belonging to them, including unselfishness and all their other virtues. Now do not scold me for being uncharitable and hard. I say that to you, but to him I will be charming: interested and ap-

eyes to his.

"Do not despise me," she sighed.

"Dear Esme," laying her cheek against his hand, "I am only jealous, that is it," with a faint smile; "jealous. And there with a faint smile; "jealous. And there if he could have seen her a proud and if he could have seen her a proud and if he could have seen her a proud and if he could have seen her a proud and my excitability and folly. I meant to be | would have to leave her.

derstand! It will not be necessar, to to write. But get well," she went on, ed it.

"What a sigh, father! That is forbid"What a sigh, father! That is forbid"Ye von going to

brushed the tears away. Perhaps his words had inspired her with a faint shadow of hope, perhaps some remembrance had come to her of the resolutions she had formed whilst listening to the bells ringing through the calm summer evening—resolutions which in her massionate pain and suffering she had "To-morrow about five." I promised by day, but I could not go without saying it. My love is yours—has been get it."

"We shall soon be the same age at that rate. Come in and light my candles."

"We shall soon be the same age at that rate. Come in and light my candles."

"Well, it is no concern of mine," he went on. "Be happy in your own way. You know what I came down here to say to you. You have put me off day by day, but I could not go without saying it. My love is yours—has been fore he must find his way to the station.

the big arm-chair, which was associated in his memory with old Mr. Loraine. She wore the same white dress that she had done the night of his arrival; its folds fell softly and gracefully about her, and in her hand was the fan of peacock's feathers.

"Are you really better?" she asked, she had been watching him. "Tell me she had been watching him. "Tell me the truth; you are not quite well"—a the truth; you are not quite well "Good-bye," she faltered, and "Good-by

if he did not regain his freedom he had looked his last into the gray eyes he had learnt to love, heard her say "Good-bye"

ing out of doors, dashing cold showers of rain against the windows, and making the warm, firelit drawing-room a "I wish I could draw," she interposed.

"I wish I could draw," she interposed.

"I wish I could draw," she interposed. "I wish I could draw," she interposed.

ing occasionally, and then remaining silent, both thinking their own thoughts, in the way that long-tried affection only dare venture upon.

Heal of the startet summer light, her hands clasping and unclasping, "It is a dream of loveliness then. I should like to have it."

He looked at her as if surprised at

dare venture upon.

They had been in London for some weeks; it was only this afternoon they had returned, and Sydney was congrationally and the saw she was not looking at him, and the softness vanished from her eyes, when, and the softness vanished from her eyes, when the so ulating herself on being once more at home. Solutions valued from her eyes, when, home, "It is so pleasant being alone, is it and I will do my very best."

for the last time.

me."

Her voice faltered, and she laid her head where her hands were clasped about his arm, and burst into tears.

He spoke soothing words, and stroked her soft hair caressingly, as if she had been a child, trying to calm the unaccustomed storm.

He will be charming; interested and appreciative of everything, including interested and appreciative of everything, including sketches and unsellishness."

Mr. Loraine's only reply in words was, "I am glad you judge me more kindly than you do the words;" but for a few minutes his thoughts did not the words weep much.

Yery little later they were making took from a case that she had not opendow. "I will put on my hat."

Very little later they were making their way, against the blustering wind, through the narrow village street. At length she lifted her miserable book, which was engrossing him at pres-

with a faint smile; "jealous. And there is always something despicable about jealousy. And I made such good resolutions to-day—and in church too—that I would not spoil your last evening with would not spoil your last evening with would not spoil your last evening with would have to leave her.

so calm and wise. And now—"
"But though I used to wish she might
"Dear child," he said gently, "dear
child," smoothing her ruffled brown hair
caressingly, "do not be afraid. If I live,
I will come back—or write?" he added,
let arregardized. interrogatively.
"No, no," she replied softly, "do not I know it, but somehow it seems that write. Come back to me if you are no man has ever been able to touch her free, and if not"—her voice dying away into sad indefiniteness—"oh. I shall unturned to the subject he sighed, when into sad indefiniteness—"oh. I shall un-derstand! It will not be necessary even at the library door he paused and enter-which I am not. But I am grateful all

"that is the first and most important thing. When I next see you, let me find thing. When I next see you, let me find the write to-night? You ought to be too write to-night? You ought to be too "What a sigh, father! That is forbidden," kissing him. "Are you going to write to-night? You ought to be too tired for that, but you grow two years younger every year and I half smil." You would say 'thank you' because younger every year, and I," half smil-ing, "two years older."
"We shall soon be the same age at

must be for the better. If I only knew—wringing her hands together, 'I think anything would have been better than this terrible blank. Five years! Yes, it will soon be five years. And not to know whether he was faithful to his know whether he was faithful to his promise to her whilst I had his heart, or whether he gave it all back to herbis love, everything. Why not, why not?"

And not to left the dining-room.
But only to wait, in feverish impatience, until he should follow her.
It was so extremely unlikely, but still every chance, however faint.

Then, a moment later, the passion dying out of her voice. "It is a long time ago, I must forget. Ah, no, no! that would be paying too dear. I would rather know that you were happyeven," smiling more softly, "with her. She looked good and kind; perhaps, when he saw her, he had not the courage to tell her, and so sacrificed himself—and me. Perhaps, better so. It would be something saved out of the wreck."

Long, long ago, was over and buried the faintest possibility of any happy future accruing to her from the knowledge of the life he was leading.

"But I should like to know," wistfully. "I should always like to know." Her thoughts had pictured him so often with the blonde German girl, grown matronly and tender, teaching him year by year to return the love that they are in the love that they have in the love the faintest possibility of any happy future accruing to her from the know!

"But I should like to know," wistfully. "But I should like to know," and they are the faintest possibility of any happy future accruing to her from the know!

"But I should like to know," wistfully. "But I should like to know," they are they are the faintest possibility of any happy future accruing to her from the know!

"But I should like to know," with the blonde German girl, grown matronly and the faintest possibility of any happy future accruing to her from the know!

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"But I should like to know," with the blonde German girl, grown matronly and the faintest possibility of any happy future accruing to her from the know!

"Why is he coming?" she said, lifting her eyes to the dark sky, "I do not wish to see him," almost defiantly. "Though, after all, what difference does it make at dinner?"

If om her eyes that the thought of the past had brought there.

"Tell me," he said at once, without any preface, "what did you want to ask me at dinner?" who comes or who stays away?"

But no shadow of the previous night was about her as, in the small morningwhich Labeled to the grader.

"You said"—hesitatingly. Then, lifting her eyes steadily, "you said you had been in Pomerania—where were you—

there are not many men who can share all now.

"UND WAS DU EWIG LIEBST, 1ST EWIG DEIN."

Hayes in August, under cloudless summer skies, roses and jasmine looking in at every window, was a very different place from Hayes on a cold wet day in May, with a wild west wind howling out of doors, dashing cold showers in cout of doors, dashing cold showers in country in the sketches proved a good introductory topic.

"To-morrow, if it is fine," he said, with a glance at the rain pouring down out of doors, if shall go forth and explore the country; and if not, there are several drawings I should be glad to take from the house itself. The one of the opposite building—I should imagine the older part of the house, taken from the room above this—would make a charming that held hers; she seemed to complete the rain pouring down out the pear of the word, which seemed to shut out hope and life, she staggered back, and would have fallen but for his steadying hands.

"He is dead," she cried, but very low, sinking down on to the broad window seat, but she did not let go the hands that held hers; she seemed to complete the reached that word, which seemed to shut out hope and life, she staggered back, and would have fallen but for his steadying hands.

"He is dead," she cried, but very low, sinking down on to the broad window seat, but she did not let go the hands that held hers; she seemed to complete the rain pouring down out the part of the country; and if not, there are several that word, which seemed to shut out hope and life, she staggered back, and would have fallen but for his steadying hands.

"He is dead," she cried, but the early power that word, which seemed to shut out hope and life, she staggered back, and the house itself. The one of the opposite building—I should make a charming that held hers; she seemed to complete the should be also the country and in the reached that word, which seemed to shut out have a charming the life.

ing the warm, firefit drawing-room a very desirable place in which to listen to the warring elements without.

Up and down the long room, in the fashion that was familiar to them, walked Sydney Loraine and her father, talked Sydney Loraine and her father, talked Sydney Loraine and the remaining of the remaining

"It is so pleasant being alone, is it not, dear father? Do you know, I sometimes wonder if the rest of the world finds us as dull as we find it. What a comfort it is we never fail to interest and amuse each other!"

"I quite forgot to tell you, Sydney, that I asked Roy Carteret to come down here!"

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"I quite forgot to tell you, Sydney, that I asked Roy Carteret to come down here!"

remarks were general, not particular.

Men are not, as a rule, very interestwere suitable for your pencil."

ed. "But, come, as it is so wer, we will explore the house now, and find bits suitable for your pencil."

"Tell me," she said, her voice sinking o a whisper, "does she love you?"

There was no reply.

"Of course she does," her words com"Of course she does," her words com-

"It is staying at home and waiting that tires one," she answered quickly. "Do not you also think that?" "I should think it must be so, but that is rarely a man's fate." "No, it is a woman's."

were toiling up was very steep. He paused a moment, however.
"There is no use offering you an arm." pendent to take it, even if you were

it is conventional to say thank you,

nis light adventures that had attracted such vivid, though momentary, interest. Losing the thread of his story in his conjectures, he did not again refer to Germany, and a few minutes later she

something saved out of the wreck."

She did not close the window, but resumed her pacing up and down; it seemed to bring back the calmness she need-"I am old enough to be less excitable." eves, and corn-colored hair, who were added links in the chain that, bound him It almost seems like those past foolish, happy days."

Her thoughts then drifted to the visitor of whom her father had spoken, and she paused once again by the open windows. "I should like to know," she thought wearily, and then the door opened, and Mr. Carteret entered the room, before she had time to banish the softness.

from her eyes that the thought of the

vil to him also," she thought, "for need for any name even-she knew it his tastes."

Stirred by the thought, she roused slowly ebised as she watched him; only herself to talk. The sketches proved a her eyes, wide and painful with unsked

idea of love, except as comprised in ten-"He was to come back," she said, "or "And you did not hear?"
"Nothing, nothing," with a despairing sob, "I have waited."
She did not cry, she had wept all her tears years ago. They had been wept

here!"

"Why did you do that?"—Sydney half paused in her walk, but went on again directly—"I do not believe you forgot, I think you were afraid to tell me."

"Do you not like him? Did you not wish him to come?" I thought he interested you and he has promised to take the common of t

His brother came next day, and at his wish I went on to his home, and saw you see it was not much."
"Thank you," she said softlyhe ever have thought her eyes cold and hard?—"you have been very kind. I think you might tell father; he was very

fond of him, and at first sometimes wender-Ah" her voice breaking,-"it has been such pain, such terrible pain!" He felt he could hardly trust his own voice to say much.
"Good-night," he said.—"or good-bye,
if you are not down early." "Good-bye," she repeated, almost me-chanically, and turned away.

of a fair-haired man, with blue eyes that looked somewhat sadly into hers. It was the only relic she possessed of their way against the blustering which through the parrow village street.

"Is it too rough for you?" he asked.

"No, I enjoy it." she declared. "We will go above to the pine-wood: I love the sound of wind in pine-trees."

It was the only relic she possessed of that buried time and her eyes grew dim as she looked upon it. All the tears she had shed had been upon his grave, for long years he had been at rest. He had been saved the battle, the burden bad been saved the battle, the burden had all fallen to her share. "And I was strong, and have borne it," she thought. "He has been saved so much, and as it had to be, I am glad—yes, I think I am glad, that she never knew. It is I who have borne it all!" And she looked into the mirror at the gray hairs and the ed to him as if the words came with a sob, but perhaps the strong wind had caught her breath, for the road they were toiling up was very steep. He is the gray finite and the saddened eyes that were the price she had paid. "And, after all, I have been to blame. I did not trust you as I promised I would. You said if you lived you remembered that until to-night. But I told you once," she murmured, with hands clasped, "that whatever happen-

> I do not-even now, even now? The storm blew itself out in the night, and a bright May sun shore out in the morning, to throw a little cheerfulness over Mr. Carteret's departure. standing to be admired, hoping that he